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Note

THIS IS NOT CANNON
None of the characters are mine! All belong to the warriors team minus some characters like Midnight who is scourge
This is simply a rewrite

Allegiances

THUNDERCLAN

LEADER

BLUESTAR— blue-gray she-cat, tinged with silver around her muzzle.

DEPUTY

REDTAIL— small tortoiseshell tom with a distinctive ginger tail.
APPRENTICE, DUSTPAW

MEDICINE CAT

SPOTTEDLEAF— beautiful dark tortoiseshell she-cat with a distinctive dappled coat.

WARRIORS

LIONHEART— magnificent golden tabby tom with thick fur like a lion's mane.
APPRENTICE, GRAYPAW

TIGERCLAW— big dark brown tabby tom with unusually long front claws. APPRENTICE, RAVENPAW

WHITESTORM— big white tom.
APPRENTICE, SANDPAW

DARKSTRIPE— sleek black-and-gray tabby tom.

LONGTAIL— pale tabby tom with dark black stripes.

RUNNINGWIND— swift tabby tom.

WILLOWPELT— very pale gray she-cat with unusual blue eyes.

MOUSEFUR— small dusky brown she-cat.

APPRENTICES

DUSTPAW— dark brown tabby tom.

GRAYPAW— long-haired solid gray tom.

RAVENPAW— small, skinny black tom with a tiny white dash on his chest, and white-
tipped tail

SANDPAW— pale ginger she-cat.

FIREPAW— handsome ginger tom.

QUEENS

ROSETAIL- Gray tabby she-cat with a bushy, rose pink and ginger tail

FROSTFUR— beautiful white coat and blue eyes.

BRINDLEFACE— pretty tabby.

GOLDENFLOWER— pale ginger coat.

ELDERS

SPECKLETAIL— pale tabby, and the oldest nursery queen.

HALFTAIL— big dark brown tabby tom with part of his tail missing.

SMALLEAR— gray tom with very small ears. The oldest tom in ThunderClan.

PATCHPELT— small black-and-white tom.

ONE-EYE— pale gray she-cat, the oldest cat in ThunderClan. Virtually blind and deaf.

DAPPLETAIL— once-pretty tortoiseshell she-cat with a lovely dappled coat.

SHADOWCLAN
BROKENSTAR— long-haired dark brown tabby.
BLACKFOOT— large white tom with huge jet-black paws.
RUNNINGNOSE— small gray-and-white tom.
STUMPYTAIL— brown tabby tom. APPRENTICE, BROWNPAW
BOULDER— silver tabby tom. APPRENTICE, WETPAW
CLAWFACE —battle-scarred brown tom. APPRENTICE, LITTLEPAW
NIGHTPELT— black tom.
DAWNCLOUD— small tabby. BRIGHTFLOWER— black-and-white she-cat.
ASHFUR— thin gray tom.

WINDCLAN

LEADER TALLSTAR— a black-and-white tom with a very long tail.

RIVERCLAN

LEADER CROOKEDSTAR— a huge light-colored tabby with a twisted jaw.

DEPUTY OAKHEART— a reddish brown tom.

CATS OUTSIDE CLANS

YELLOWFANG— old dark gray she-cat with a broad, flattened face.

Midnight- Extremely small, mostly black kitten with bright blue eyes

SMUDGE— plump, friendly black-and-white kitten who lives in a house at the edge of the forest.

BARLEY— black-and-white tom who lives on a farm close to the forest

Prologue

A half-moon glowed on smooth granite boulders, turning them silver. The silence was broken only by the ripple of water from the swift black river and the whisper of trees in the forest beyond.

There was a stirring in the shadows, and from all around lithe dark shapes crept stealthily over the rocks. Unsheathed claws glinted in the moonlight. Wary eyes flashed like amber. And then, as if on a silent signal, the creatures leaped at each other, and suddenly the rocks were alive with wrestling, screeching cats.
At the center of the frenzy of fur and claws, a massive dark tabby pinned a bracken-colored tom to the ground and drew up his head triumphantly. The smaller tom scrambled to get out from under the tabby tom, hissing.

"Oakheart!" the tabby growled. "How dare you hunt in our territory? The Sunningrocks belong to ThunderClan! Or have you forgotten? Because I'd be glad to remind a foxheart like you" He snarled, leaning in close.

"Tigerclaw! The only foxheart here is you!Thinderclan think they can steal river clan's land!" the smaller cat hissed back.

A splashing roared over the battle as cats swam towards the battle.

Tigerclaw turned to see sleek wet bodies sliding out of the water below the rocks. The drenched RiverClan warriors bounded silently up the shore and hurled themselves into battle without even stopping to shake the water from their fur.

The tabby glared down at Oakheart. "Oakheart you filthy otter, you shall meet starclan today!" He drew back his lips and showed his teeth as the cat struggled beneath him.

The desperate scream of a ThunderClan she-cat rose above the clamor. A wiry RiverClan tom had pinned the brown warrior flat on her belly. Now he lunged toward her neck with jaws still dripping

from his swim across the river.

Tigerclaw heard the cry and called out "Mousefur! Redtail help her!" He was kicked in the stomach by oakheart. Oakheart hissed and kicked more, struggling while Tigerclaw opened his jaw to lunge forwards and kill the oaken colored Tom.

A Tom with a rusty red tail leaped towards a small she cat and a Riverclan warrior attacking her, yowling. The Riverclan cat was pinned down and pelted by the tortoise shell and deep ginger tom's claws.

Tigerclaw dug his claws into oakheart and sunk his long fangs into the bracken tom. Oakheart let out a shrill scream and many Riverclan cat ran towards the river, yowling and shaking. The thunderclan cats let out yowls of happiness, and marched away. Redtail and Tigerclaw were the two living cats left at sunning rocks. Redtail turned to leave before Tigerclaw called out "Wait, I need to talk. Alone. Here would be a good place"

Chapter 1

Rusty opened his eyes, breathing heavily. A nightmare. He thought about it. He was In the woods, fighting off dogs. He sighed and leaped towards the door. He walked outside and looked towards the stars.

Afterward, Rusty settled down on top of one of the posts in the fence that marked the limits of his garden. It was a favorite spot of his, as he could see right into the neighboring gardens as well as into the dense green forest on the other side of the garden fence.

He heard his owners giving him one last call from the back door. If he went to them now, they would greet him with gentle words and caresses and welcome him onto their bed, where he would curl, purring, warm in the crook of a bent knee.

Rusty turned his head, his emerald eyes piercing through the night as he glared at his two-leg's place.

Suddenly the fur on his spine prickled. Was something moving out there? Was something watching him? Rusty stared ahead, but it was impossible to see or smell anything in the dark, tree-scented air. He lifted his chin boldly, stood up, and stretched, one paw gripping each corner of the fencepost as he straightened his legs and arched his back. He closed his eyes and breathed in the smell of the woods once more. It seemed to promise him something, tempting him onward into the whispering shadows. Tensing his muscles, he crouched for a moment. Then he leaped lightly down into the rough grass on the other side of the garden fence. As he landed, the bell on his collar rang out through the still night air.

"Where are you off to, Ruuuuusty?" Inquired a familiar voice behind him.

"Rust-Cat! Where are you going tonight? Wondering the streets again?" Another voice, this one higher pitched, meowed sweetly.

"Oh hello Smudge and midnight." Rusty said,looking at the black and white cars before him.

"Rust, you gonna go into the woods?" Midnight questioned, his purple collar jingling. Rusty nodded, then added "Only for a look. It's not going to be long"

Smudge hissed "Well I'm not coming, it's extremely dangerous! Henry told me all about it."

Midnight turned, fur bristling "That fat old tabby never went into the woods! He's hardly been beyond his own garden since his trip to the vet. All he wants to do is eat and sleep." He growled.

"No, really. He caught a robin there!" Smudge insisted.

"Well, I don't believe it" Rusty hissed

"Well, anyway," Smudge went on, ignoring the scorn in Rusty's mew, "Henry told me there are all sorts of dangerous animals out there. Huge wildcats who eat live rabbits for breakfast and sharpen their claws on old bones!"

"I'm only going for a look around," Rusty meowed. "I won't stay long."

"Well, don't say I didn't warn you!" purred Smudge. The black-and-white cat turned and plunged off the fence and into his garden.

Midnight watched jump away then asked "Rusty can I come?"

Rusty looked into Midnight's icy eyes, letting out a small smile. He purred, rubbing his tail along Midnight's back, and responded to his adopted-brother-that-doesn't-live-with-him "If you really want!"

Rusty leaped down, and flicked his tail, signaling Midnight to follow. Midnight jumped down, scrambling as he tried to regain balance. Rusty pushed his tail to Midnight's mouth and flicked his ears to a small mouse rustling in the underbrush nearby.

Midnight sat back and Rusty started to stalk towards the mouse. He leaped towards it and rustled in the undergrowth, hissing. Rusty

marched back, a skinny mouse in his mouth. Gray fur flash and attack the ginger cat. Midnight steps back, fur fluffed up. Rusty was quickly pinned down, a gray cat holding him there. Midnight growls "Get off of him!" Before lunging towards the cat.

The gray cat pushes the small black cat off of himself, a goofy smile across his face. "You two fight good for domestic kitties! I'm graypaw of thunderclan!"

Midnight lashed his tail, backing behind rusty who was ready to leap and attack again. "Why did you attack me?" Rusty exclaimed.

Graypaw flattened his ears "Because you are trespassing on Thunderclan territory and you stole prey!"

Midnight walked forwards and dipped his head "Ok ok listen. Me and rusty are sorry! We didn't mean any harm"

Graypaw sighed and shook his fur "I knoooww...it's just... uhggg... wait! You two need to-"

A blueish gray cat and a large lionlike cat walked out of the brush, heads held high. The lion spoke loudly "Graypaw, who are these two? And I thought I told you to stay away from the twoleg place!"

Graypaw lowered his head and closed his eyes. "I'm sorry. But this is uh..."

Rusty lashes his tail and said "I'm rusty and that is Midnight"

Graypaw looked back up and said "And these are Bluestar and Lionheart."

Bluestar finally spoke "Thank you for the introduction graypaw. Rusty. You are a natural hunter. That was a great catch, but yes it's still stealing from my clan. And Midnight" She glared at the small black and white cat "You are a good fighter, but you are quite small."

Rusty hissed "How is it stealing? It was right outside my house!"

Lionheart growled "You DONT know what it's like being in a clan!

We need every bit of prey we get!"

Midnight looked away "Lionheart we're sorry. We didn't know"

"R-really?" Rusty stammered.

Lionheart spoke now. His deep meow was respectful but insistent. "Bluestar, this is a kittypet. Heshould not be hunting in ThunderClan territory. Send him home to his Twolegs!"

Rusty prickled at Lionheart's dismissive words. "Send me home?" he mewed impatiently. Bluestar'swords had made him glow with pride. She had noticed him; she had been impressed by him. "But I've onlycome here to hunt for a mouse or two. I'm sure there's enough to go around."

Bluestar had turned her head to acknowledge Lionheart's words. Now her gaze snapped back to Rusty.Her blue eyes were blazing with anger. "There's never enough to go around," she spat. "If you didn't livesuch a soft, overfed life, you would know that!"

Rusty was confused by Bluestar's sudden rage, but one glance at the horrified look on Graypaw's facewas enough to tell him he had spoken too freely. Lionheart stepped to his leader's side. Both warriors loomedover him now. Midnight hissed and moved closer to Rusty, fur spiked up. Rusty looked into Bluestar's threatening stare and his pride dissolved. These were not cozyfireside cats he was dealing with—they were mean, hungry cats who were probably going to finish whatGraypaw had started.

chapter two

"Well?" hissed Bluestar, her face only a mouse-length from his now.

Lionheart remained silent as hetowered over Rusty.He flattened his ears and crouched under the golden warrior's cold stare.

His fur prickleduncomfortably. "I am no threat to your Clan," he mewed, looking down at his trembling paws."You threaten our Clan when you take our food," yowled Bluestar.

"You have plenty of food in yourTwoleg nest already. You come here only to hunt for sport. But we hunt to survive."The truth of the warrior queen's words pierced Rusty like a blackthorn, and suddenly he understood heranger.

He stopped trembling, sat up, and straightened his ears. He raised his eyes to meet hers. "I had notthought of it that way before. I am sorry," he meowed solemnly. "I will not hunt here again."

Bluestar let her hackles fall and signaled to Lionheart to step back. "You are an unusual kittypet,Rusty," she meowed

.Graypaw's sigh of relief made Rusty's ears twitch. He heard the approval in Bluestar's voice andnoticed as she swapped a meaningful glance with Lionheart. The look made him curious. What flashedbetween the two warriors?

Quietly he asked, "Is survival here really so hard?"

"Our territory covers only part of the forest," answered Bluestar. "We compete with other Clans forwhat we have. And this year, late

newleaf means prey is scarce."

"Is your Clan very big?" Rusty meowed, his eyes wide.

"Big enough," replied Bluestar. "Our territory can support us, but there is no prey left over."

"Are you all warriors, then?" Rusty mewed. Bluestar's guarded answers were just making him more andmore curious.Lionheart answered him. "

Some are warriors. Some are too young or too old or too busy caring for kitsto hunt.""And you all live and share prey together?" Rusty murmured in awe, thinking a little guiltily of his owneasy, selfish life.Bluestar looked again at Lionheart.

The golden tabby stared back at her steadily. At last she returnedher gaze to Rusty and meowed, "Perhaps you should find out these things for yourself. Would you and midnight like to joinThunderClan?"Rusty was so surprised, he couldn't speak. Bluestar went on: "If you did, you would train with Graypaw to become a Clan warrior." Midnight wasnt silent anymore as he gasped.

"But kittypets can't be warriors!" Graypaw blurted out. "They don't have warrior blood!"

A sad look clouded Bluestar's eyes. "Warrior blood," she echoed with a sigh. "Too much of that has been spilled lately."

Midnight looked away, worried.

Bluestar fell silent and Lionheart meowed, "Bluestar is only offering you training, young kits. There is noguarantee you would become a full warriors. It might prove too difficult for you two. After all, you are used to acomfortable life."

Rusty was stung by Lionheart's words. He swung his head around to face the golden tabby. "Why offerme the chance, then?"

Midnight also turned, ears flat against his head "yeah!"

But it was Bluestar who answered. "You are right to question our motives, young ones. The fact is,ThunderClan needs more warriors."

"Understand that Bluestar does not make this offer lightly," warned Lionheart. "If you wish to trainwith us, we will have to take you into our Clan. You must either live with us and respect our ways, or returnto your Twolegplace and never come back. You cannot live with a paw in each world."

A cool breeze stirred the undergrowth, ruffling Rusty's fur. He shivered, not with the cold, but withexcitement at the incredible possibilities opening up in front of him."Are you wondering if it's worth giving up your comfortable kittypet life?" asked Bluestar gently. "But do you realize the price you will pay for your warmth and food?"Rusty looked at her, puzzled. Surely his encounter with these cats had proved to him just how easy and luxurious his life was.

"The Clan may not be able to offer you such easy food or warmth," continued Bluestar. "In the seasonof leaf-bare, nights in the forest can be cruel. The Clan will demand great loyalty and hard work. You will be expected to protect the Clan with your life if necessary. And there are many mouths to feed. But the rewardsare great. You will be trained in the ways of the wild. You will learn what it is to be areal cat. The strength and the fellowship of the Clan will always be with you, even when you hunt alone."Rusty's head hurt from all the talking. Bluestar seemed to be offering him the life he had lived so many times, and sotantalizingly, in his dreams, but could he live like that for real?Lionheart interrupted his thoughts.

"Come, Bluestar, let's not waste any more time here. We must beready to join the other patrol at moonhigh. Tigerclaw will wonder what has become of us." He stood up andflicked his tail expectantly."Wait," Rusty meowed. "Can I think about your offer?"Bluestar looked at him for a long moment and nodded.

"Lionheart will be here tomorrow at sunhigh,"she told him. "Give him your answer then."

Bluestar murmured a low signal, and in a single movement the three cats turned and disappeared intothe undergrowth.

Rusty blinked. He stared—excited, uncertain—up past the ferns that encircled him, through the canopyof leaves, to the stars that glittered in the clear sky. The scent of the Clan cats still hung heavy in the eveningair. And as Rusty turned and headed for home, he felt a strange sensation inside him, tugging him back intothe depths of the forest. Midnight walked in front of him, and muttered. "I'll see you in the morning, rusty."

His fur prickled in the light wind, and the rustling leaves seemed to whisper his name into the shadows.